The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

THROUGH THE WHEAT.

Once, when my heart and I were young,
We wandered, restless, by sea and strand,
And lingered a little space among
The grassy valleys of Switzerland;

Where watchful summits forever frown,
Through blue air slanting, clear and keen,
Wearing proudly their icy crown,
While happy hamlets smile between;

Where rapid torrents rejoicing run,
Leaping the cliffs in strength and pride,
Like snow-white ribbons, in wind and sun,
Fluttering down the mountain side;

Where smoke-like cloudings of tender blue
Dapple the slopes in sunny spots,
And sweetly change on a nearer view,
To drifts of fairest forget-me-nots.

Often at eve, when the sun was low,
And the mountain shadows grew dark and vast,
I watched the cottagers, wending slow
Home to rest when their toil was past.

Two walked lovingly side by side,
Speaking softly, as lovers speak—
He with an air of manly pride,
She with a blush on her sun-browned cheek.

Hand in hand, through the evening red,
They went—through the shadows damp and sweet—
Choosing a narrow path that led
On and on through the growing wheat.

Sunset touched him with rosy light,
Sunset brightened her loosened hair—
Poor and plain, they were fair to sight,
For youth and love are forever fair.

And often as sunset charms the air—
For the time and scene are vanished now—
I think of that simple, loving pair,
And wonder whether they kept their vow;

Whether under some mossy roof,
Their wedded spirits serenely blent,
They weave the even warp and woof
Of their quiet lives in calm content;

Or whether they parted in scorn or wrath,
As myriad lovers have done before,
And choosing each a separate path,
Were thence divided for evermore;

Or whether still, as across the land
The dewy shadows grow damp and sweet,
Perennial lovers, with hand in hand,
They walk, knee-deep, in the growing wheat.

FLORENCE PERCY.

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while a little love
The hour yet bears for thee and me
Who have not drawn the veil to see;
If still our heaven be lit above.
Thou merely at the day's last sigh,
Has felt thy soul prolong the tone;
And I have heard the night winds cry,
And deemed its speech mine own.

A little while a little love
The scattering autumn hoards for us,
Whose bower is not yet ruinous,
Nor quite unleaved our songless grove,
Only across the shaken boughs
We hear the flood-tides seek the sea,
And deep in both our hearts they rouse
One wail for thee and me.

A little while a little love
May yet be ours, who have not said
The word it makes our eyes afraid,
To know that each is thinking of
Not yet the end; be our lips dumb
In smiles a little season yet;
I'll tell thee when the end is come
How we may best forget.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Our Special Contributors.

THE DEACON'S BETTER HALF.

BY SARAH F. SANBORN.

"O, dear," thought Deacon Blodgett, as he jogged home with a molasses jug propped between his feet, and a bag of flour and sundry traps in the back part of the wagon, "how I wish Betsy was to home; she'd know how to get me out of this hobble. I don't see no way under the sun but to let Findley have the money, and I know it's like spilling water on the ground, or pouring out dust that can't be picked up again. O, dear, what made Betsy go off to Harriman's on a visit just now? She might have know'd I should get into some such scrape."

The deacon sighed, and pulled up Old White, who had stumbled from age and blindness against a flint in the road, and then he settled down, again with his shoulders rounding and his stomach hollowing in, and the broad brim of his hat sloping down and showing by its brown stains how many times it had served for a water-shed.

The good old Deacon had a constitutional inaptitude for saying No! He was ridiculously soft-hearted, and Joe Findley, a shiftless, good for nothing fellow, had got round him that morning with a piteous story about his wife's sickness, and his own misfortunes, and how fifty dollars would enable him to pay the Doctor's bill, and buy some seeds and implements to work a piece of ground he had rented on shares. Joe was very penitent and made all manner of good promises, and had so worked upon the Deacon's feelings, he had half agreed to lend him the required sum, and take a mortgage on his personal property which wasn't worth sixpence.

Joe had got wind of the fact, that Mrs. Blodgett was away from home, or else he would scarcely have proposed to drop 'round in the evening and get the money. He had more than a fair share of impudence, but not sufficient to undergo the ordeal to which the shrewd, sensible Yankee woman would subject him.

Mrs. Blodgett had a reputation of her own. Nobody could pull the wool over her eyes; besides she was respected as a woman of excellent business judgment. She was a reading woman, and studied up the new ideas in agriculture, and understood the theory of a rotation of crops, sub-soiling, and top-dressing, and kept the Deacon posted up so that his fields were rich and productive, and thrift reigned about his farm.

Folks used to joke and say that the "grey mare was the best horse," in the Blodgett establishment, and the deacon well knew what he owed to his wife. There was a very soft side of his kind old heart, that leaned towards Abigail Findley, Joe's wife. There never had been any children in the deacon's house, and when Abby was a young rosy, cheeked lass she came to live with the childless couple, and brought a great deal of sunshine to the still house. When Findley began to come a courting, and to hang 'round, Mrs. Blodgett had expostulated. She knew the Findley tribe all through; they were made of poor stuff. There wasn't any more principle in the old man than woody fibre in an elder stalk, and the boys were just like him. But it was the old story over again with Abby; she cried and moped, and fell into the dumps, and the upshot of the business was that she went off with Joe to the minister's one night, and got married. Joe didn't prove a good husband, and in a few years the pretty girl grew to be a sad, peaked-faced woman. Mrs. Blodgett was a little hard towards her, perhaps. She was in the habit of repeating the saying that "Those who make their bed must lie in it;" but the simple-hearted old deacon always yearned towards his "girl," as he called her. He had done her many a sneaking kindness, and Joe, unblessed with a vestage of modesty, had tried to take advantage of his good will more than once, but the Deacon's wife had always headed him off. It seemed, now, however, that at least half of the hundred dollars locked up in a bureau draw of the farm-house would go into the worthless fellow's pocket and be frittered and fooled away without doing poor Abby any particular good. This thought teased the old deacon, but he could not well see how he was to get clear of the scrape without Betsy's aid.

Betsy, the deacon's better half, had gone to spend the day and night with Mrs. Harriman, an old friend, at a distance of some miles from home. She had a way of leaving her spouse to shift for himself on occasions, because I suspect she knew that was one method of making a man appreciate a good wife. To use her own words: "There's nothing that brings a man, if he's fractious, so quick to his marrer-bones as for the women-folks to leave him to his own devices, and if he ain't fractious or hectoring, but about as good as the common run, it don't do him any harm."

The Deacon's wife believed in a strict orthodox system of discipline for husbands.

When her spouse reached home the kitchen fire was out, and the big clock in the corner according with his inward symptoms, showed that it was about time to get something to eat. He fumbled around in the buttery, and secured at last a large blue bowl of milk, a loaf of Mrs. Blodgett's beautiful white bread, so white, so fine in the grain, with such a golden crust, as she alone knew how to produce, then an apple pie, and a goodly section of gingerbread.

These things had their soothing influence, but still the old man was ill at ease, and the burden of his thoughts was, "If Betsy was only to home."

Meantime, Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Blodgett were having what country-folks call a "real old-fashioned visit." The hostess had

exerted herself to get up a dinner, and while Mrs. Blodgett was doing ample justice to the veal potpie and dumplings, I fear she forgot to compassionate the deacon's solitary bowl of bread and milk; she was a rigid adherent to principle, and one of her principles was that an occasional dose of discipline, discomfort and loneliness is good for a man's soul.

After dinner there was another set-down visit, with reminiscences of their girlhood and recollections of the paring bees and spelling schools they had attended years before, with occasional digressions to family histories, and funerals—Mrs. Harriman's favorite theme for light conversation.

Mrs. Blodgett had knit half the leg of a blue yarn stocking for the deacon, and was turning the heel when she happened to lift her eyes, and there, behold, was the veritable man, driving in at the big gate of the farm-house yard.

"Sakes alive! if there ain't the deacon!" exclaimed Mrs. Blodgett; "I wonder what's to pay now?"

Mrs. Harriman ran to the door on hospitable thoughts intent.

"Get right out, deacon," cried she, "and I'll have your horse put up in the barn."

"No," said the deacon, maintaining his seat in the wagon; "I want my wife Betsy. Sorry to spile her visit; but you see I can't spare her any longer."

Mrs. Harriman was full of regrets, as she helped her friend on with her *vesite*, and tied the brown ribbon bow under her chin.

"Law! it's just as I expected," said the deacon's wife, chuckling a little. "I always say I'm going to stay all night; but I never do—the deacon's sure to come poking along. Men are helpless creeters; they hain't no kind of idee of taking care of themselves, and they get tired of their own company dretful quick."

On the way home the story all leaked out about Findley, and the deacon's wife thought she should know how to handle him if he came "snooping" around the premises. But he did not come. He got near enough to the farm house to see the shadow of Mrs. Blodgett on the kitchen wall, and then he knew it was no use, and slunk away home without the medicine the doctor had ordered for Abby, and without the few pounds of beefsteak he meant should give him and his little boy a good square meal, a luxury they had not enjoyed for some time.

That night Bobby's neglected little head rested on his mother's bosom as he slept the sleep of childhood; but she lay awake during the dead hours, and some bitter tears soaked into her pillow.

The next morning the deacon's wife exerted herself to get a good breakfast, and if anybody knew how that sort of thing is done she was the woman. The deacon sat down and took a flap-jack, one of Betsey's own on his plate, but somehow the very first mouthful seemed to choke him, so at last he put by his knife and fork.

"Betsy," said he, "I can't be easy about Abby, and that boy of hers. 'Taint Christian to hold a grudge always, even if folks are sometimes left to the hardness of their own hearts, and the blindness of their own eyes—stiff-necked and uncircumcised, the Bible says. Abby was a young creature, and she never could think ill of anybody. That's the reason she got took in by Findley."

"She might have been advised by them older and wiser than she was," said the deacon's wife a little tartly.

"I know it, Betsy, I know it; but then we are commanded to forgive, and just look how it is with us; we haven't a chick or child in the world, and there ain't no use living if we can't help along them that needs help. It seems to me as if the finger of Providence was pointing right to Abby and her boy, and showing us how to give thanks for all our mercies by doing a little mite of good."

Mrs. Blodgett was stirring her tea around and around. "Deacon," said she, "You'd give the shirt off your back if it wasn't for me. The house would be nothing but a hospital for all the shiftless, slack, lazy creeters, in the country. But I won't have 'em here bringing in their dirt and bad smells, and eating up our substance. But there is one thing you may do; you may hitch up this afternoon and go over and fetch Abby and the boy home with you. They can stay any way, until Abby gets well. We'll put Findley on probation, and let him work on the farm; but he shan't board here. I won't be cooking up victuals for the lout. Pay him wages and let him shift for himself. He may come once a week to see Abby, and then he's got to mind his P's and Q's. The fact is we will give him a chance to do better."

The old deacon rubbed his eyes, and a separate sunbeam shone out of each wrinkle, "Betsy," said he, "you're the likeliest woman I ever saw."

BEWILDERMENT.

BY LEWISE.

I wish somebody could tell me what is the matter. Either I am *not* I, or else our Gail Hamilton of old is not the dear old Gail, but some other Gail who has sprung up of late. And still there is a resemblance. I find myself reading her articles in the *Independent* through to the end, as I read her essays of yore in the *National Era;* but there is a difference, and I do not like that difference. I shake my head over it; I ponder upon it, but when my friends ask me, "Have you seen Gail Hamilton's last article?" I reply, "Yes, I guess she is all right, only she thinks the women are pretty nearly through the woods, and instead of defending them any longer, that it is about time to begin lecturing them."

You see that, although my words conceal my fears, and though I secretly grieve at her seeming defection, I am not willing to give her up, or even to utter a disloyal thought. I silently ask myself, "Am I dazed—am I bewildered, or is she?" It must be myself, and I feel alarmed. Visions of darkly-looming hospitals and terrible keepers rise before my mental vision, and I rub my eyes, smoothing out the lines upon my "corrugated brow," and again attempt to follow and understand her; for I cannot believe that nut-sound head of *hers* has been turned while in Washington. No, not even by a "Sherman brigade," of either men or woman, or both together. And so I do not know what to make of it. Right at my fingers ends (when not lent to some friend) is lying "Woman's Wrongs," at my elbow is the "New Atmosphere," and within call is "Gala Days," with its marvellous "Spasm of Sense, &c."

I must tell you the history of my "Woman's Wrongs." I was going a journey and I wanted a drinking-cup of my very own, so I went to the only book and jewelry store in the village where I was sojourning, and selected a plain, silver-plated, gold-lined one for my use; but just then I glanced at the titles of books opposite me, on the shelves above the show-case, and my attention was attracted by that work of hers, which I had heard of, but never seen. I decided to forego the cup and to drink from that fount.

While absorbed with my book, in a crowded depot, at a junction—pencil in hand, marking here and there a sentence, a plain, careworn, middle-aged woman, sitting near me, noticing my abstraction, inquired what I was reading. Now, I knew I should attract attention if I mentioned the startling title, so I turned the back of the book towards her that she might read it. The old lady spoke right out in meeting; for (heaving a great sigh) she breathed forth, "There are woman's wrongs enough, God knows." Pretty soon, moving a little closer, she inquired in a lower voice, "Are you a speaker?" I said, "No, I am only a reader." After a little, edging still nearer, she asked, "Which way are you going?" I replied that "I was going West." Fetching another sigh she said, "Well, I am going East, but I wish I was going your way." Will I ever forget that sorrowful woman?

One of Gail Hamilton's first articles in the *Independent* was upon the unreliability of women in business matters, and their disregard of promises. I thought then has Gail ever had a tenant? Has she ever built or repaired a house? Has she ever had to employ a carpenter, or mason, or teamster? Has she *never* been obliged to employ a shoemaker? I had been so universally disappointed in them all that when she claimed that men were reliable and women were not, "I couldn't see it."

"I am well aware that it "takes more than one swallow," bluejay, robin, or even meadowlark, to make a summer; but I also *know* that my experience is far from being exceptional. I have found washwomen, sewing-girls, and even the much abused maid-of-all-work, quite as reliable as laboring men—mechanics, &c.

The tailors and dentists would not pay their rent acording to *written* contract, and the lawyers would so deceive me and put me off about my business matters, that I had to "set one rogue to catching another." Had to get one lawyer to hunt up mislaid, neglected and unrecorded documents, entrusted to the care of another, who had been *prepaid* for getting them recorded.

Actually, in renting a building, the lower part as clothing store, the upper rooms as offices to a lawyer, photograph artist, and dentist, and the back part as a paint shop, I could not collect money enough of them all to pay ground rent, and had to sell the building or have it moved off. That routed them and set them to thinking a little—*just* a little. To get my rent at all, I had to have every old wagon and kitchen chair painted; got the tailor to make little boy's suits that I might have made on a machine, obtained by paying part cash when sufficient rent was due to cover the cost; had all my friends who required the services of a lawyer, employ my tenant; had our pictures taken *ad infinitum;* had our teeth all filled, and as many extracted as the circumstances of the case would permit, and then had to take a note at last from that same den-

tist for rent, turning it out to our dilatory mason, who was fortunately in need of a new set of teeth. I might about as well have taken it in cats and dogs.

While repairing a house, my carpenter who had failed to "come to time," in regard to his work, called at my door one bright summer morning to inquire for "our mutual mason," (a weak brother of my church) and upon being told that "I was sure I did not know where he was—that he had promised to work for *me* that day," he said, "Well, if you don't make him keep his promises better I will have him churched."

Said I, "Mr. S. let me tell you a little story: In a certain case brought before a celebrated judge, an attempt was made to impeach a mechanic. The judge inquired on what grounds this attempt was made, and a witness was brought upon the stand, who testified that the man never kept his promises in regard to work. 'Oh," said the judge, 'if that is all you might, in that way, impeach every mechanic in the United States.' Bring on your man.'"

Mr. S. comprehending the implied reproof in my "little story" (the first he had received from me,) turned on his heel, shook his head, and with a little laugh, said, "He was a wise judge, wasn't he?" I heard no more about my poor, hard-working brother being churched. His judgment simply was not good enough to enable him to make his calculations quite right, and in his ambition to "get on" in the world, he undertook more than the weather and human infirmities would permit of immediate accomplishment. There was needed only a little consideration and patience upon the part of all, and the November snows would see all his plans executed. I do not see how Gail can "Dodge" that judge's decision, or the carpenter's admission of his wisdom.

If I mistake not, she has asserted that women have not natural business talent. Have the emancipated field slaves natural business talent, or has it yet to be developed? When she can show that women in business and the professions are equally respected with men engaged in similar occupations, then will have arrived the time for developing her talent in that direction. The spruce young clerk of a store, in small towns and cities, is a "young gentleman" who, if his acquaintance is casually made, is invited into the first society, while the neatly attired and interesting young lady, measuring ribbons opposite, is only "that girl who works in a store." When it becomes as common for the daughters as the sons of persons of means, to have an employment, then will this stigma attaching to female labor be done away with in a measure.

To be sure, Gail quotes in her last article numerous instances of women succeeding in business, thus "blowing hot and cold" in successive breaths; but I know, and she must know, that they have succeeded by ignoring the world, and living above it, or below it.

She says that "the normal state of woman is to be honorably dependent;" but no woman can be dependent and retain her self-respect and peace of mind for any length of time, unless she be wife and mother, and then there *should* be no dependence about it; but an equal partnership, with equal interests and equal rights. Very good, if not the best, of fathers and brothers, sometimes make their dependent daughters and sisters feel that they are a burthen, and they like no better to be asked, "how they spent that last dollar given them," than did the dependent wife Gail told us about long ago. She must not think because she wields an industrious, vigorous, and eloquent pen, which brings its *reward* spiritually and temporally, (though no doubt very, very wearisome at times), that idleness is a blessing. Young women "connot satisfy the unrest of *their* souls" crotcheting tidies, and working worsted dogs and horses, any more than can "young men in dry goods stores." "The wheel," to quote Gail's own words, "is not yet out of the mud." If woman has been "stoned to Coma" shall she not have time to resuscitate? She is not yet "through the woods," although there is light ahead; for our brave pilots (of whom must I say she *has been* one?) are vigorously removing the rank growth of underbrush and parting the heavy boughs, thus revealing God's blue sky overhead, and giving us a glimpse of the glorious sunshine of universal freedom. But centuries may be required before the "vine" will learn the native strength of its fibre. Before the world will cease to trample it under foot when an opportunity offers, or before it will cordially acknowledge that the "vine" is as useful as well as more graceful than the "oak," and that the more culture it receives, and the more the restraining, vexing lower branches of the tree are pruned away, thus admitting the blessed air, and dews, and sunshine of heaven, and permitting greater freedom of growth, the better it will be enabled to become a more noble, self-sustaining, and fruitful vine; and if it twines at all, it will only be among the topmost boughs, about the highest nature of the tree.

Gail's later pen-craft reminds me of the back-track or devious route from "the straight and narrow path," which wes taken by a much-beloved, and much-revered Christian gentleman after the emancipation of the negro, by so doing, leaving "out in the cold" that poor creature who was but just "through the woods," and still dispossessed of all that should have been his own (in this nineteenth century of Christian civilization) by the land pirates who had infested the domain of education, of self-reliance, of energy, and of capital. And woman may need to bask awhile in the sunshine of freedom, to invigorate her weakened faculties before she even starts for that goal which she is destined to gain.

I only hope and trust that our hitherto admired Gail may be as wise as the gentleman alluded to, and see her error before it is too late, and not continue to apply her curious and original lash to the snubbed subdued forms and yet sore backs of still disenfranchised womanhood.

I know not how much "muscle" Gail may have, but I am sure she has "nerve," and I do not doubt she will still consider the "shoulders" of her "sisters" more than the "ices" of gentlemen; and thus will her "fingers" retain their "grasp," and her "protest" its "power."

I wish we might hear no more of the "disability" of woman, of her "need of qualities more than opportunities," until she is freed from that greater disability and iniquity of human bondage. Why, she is only allowed to breathe now, or to speak above a whisper, or appear in the streets unveiled, except by the sufferance of the few righteous rulers of the nation.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

BY M. Q. M.

The household of Sir Thomas Moore was a model. According to Erasmus, he dwelt in a commodious house on the banks of the Thames, near London. His family consisted of his wife, son, daughter-in-law, three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. His house might have been called an academy of Plato; but Erasmus held it rather a school of Christian goodness, in which piety, virtue and the liberal sciences were studied by every individual of the family. No wrangling or intemperate language was ever heard there; no one was idle; courtesy and benevolence prevailed; and all duties were performed with alacrity and cheerfulness.

Mrs. Roper, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas, was distinguished for her talents. She wrote Latin in a pure and elegant style. Her letters to her father were so able that he was wont to show them to distinguished personages, from whom they received merited encomiums.

When Sir Thomas was committed to the Tower by Henry VIII. for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to that monarch, this noble woman was indefatigable in her devotion to her father. By every argument, expostulation and entreaty, she sought to induce him to comply with the King's command, as she had herself done, making, as she did in her own case, this reservation, "*as far as would stand with the law of God.*"

While proceeding to the Tower after her father's sentence, as he was being conducted thither, she rushed through the crowd and past the guard, and threw herself upon his neck. The guards were melted with compassion at this display of filial devotion.

"My dear Margaret," said the father, "submit with patience; grieve no longer for me; it is the will of God, and must be borne."

Thereupon he tenderly embraced her, and withdrew himself from her. Soon after, she again rushed towards him and frantically cast herself upon his bosom. His cheeks were bathed in tears at this demonstration of affection. Entreating her prayers for him, he bade her a last adieu.

Margaret devoted herself thereafter to the disposition of his remains. The body was buried in the chancel of the church of Chelsea. The head, which was exposed for fourteen days upon London Bridge, was purchased by Margaret, and subsequently interred with her, according to some, in her arms; according to others, it was put in a leaden casket and placed upon her coffin.

The king, enraged by her conduct in securing her father's head from the Thames, into which it would have been thrown, committed her to prison, from which she was, after vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces liberated, and restored to her family. She survived her father nine years, and died in the thirty-sixth year of her age.

No woman ever reflected greater lustre upon her sex than Margaret Moore. Her mental genius only served to make the more resplendent her womanly tenderness and devoted love. This point is respectfully urged upon the consideration of our friends of the other side, who believe a woman naturally becomes coarse and masculine, as she is endowed with intellectual gifts—in other words, as she becomes "strong-minded."

Notes About Women.

—Divorces—The turn of the tied.

—The most popular nine in or out of the numerals—femi-nine.

—Always strive to be with those more excellent than yourself.

—Miss Ellen Canby has been appointed Postmistress, at Aiken, South Carolina.

—How long will it be before women are prouder of being called strong-minded than of being reputed weak-minded?

—Miss Bremer maintained that you can get anything you like from a man if you will only have something nice to pop into his mouth.

—Mrs. Martha Walker Cook, sister of the late Robert J. Walker, is said to be one of the most scholarly women America has ever produced.

—A country clergyman says he has married but one couple in a year, and they paid him nothing, staid to dinner, as it was a rainy day, and then borrowed his umbrella when they left, which he has never seen since.

—Miss Phœbe Cousins, of St. Louis, will complete her law studies in a few weeks, and is preparing to graduate early in May. We believe, then and thereafter, Missouri will have at least one honest lawyer.

—A New England paper nominates as the woman suffrage ticket: For President, Chas. Sumner; for Vice-President, Susan B. Anthony. This is a sound ticket, at least, so far as the Vice-President is concerned.

—George Sand publishes a card, in which she says: "It is a mendacious report which my enemies have circulated throughout the country that my pecuniary embarrassments have compelled me to offer Nahant for sale. I want to keep it."

—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, during the past season, filled fifty-six lecture engagements, and found herself at three different times beyond the Mississippi. It is stated that she means to occupy her summer with some theologo-scientific studies on the origin of man, and other evils.

—A music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing the violin requires the nicest perception and the most sense of any art in the known world." Whereupon a Western editor comments thus: "The art of publishing a newspaper and making it pay, and at the same time making it please everybody, beats fidlin' higher than a kite."

—Somebody, with wise forecaste, remarks that "the day is not far off when decency will not be, as it usually is now, a bar to political preferment; when the ballot-box, purified by woman's presence, will be made respectable, and when moral principles will not damn a candidate or a party."

—The *Golden Age* says:

"The papers still persist in calling Mrs. Phœbe Hannaford, minister of a church in New Haven, "pastoress." It is quite time this antiquated bit of silliness were allowed to drop into deserved neglect; but if people will persist in the use of such a barbarism, let them be consistent, and say teacheress, writeress and cookess also."

—The *Independent* very pertinently remarks that "Among the women who dance the German, woman suffrage is in the last degree unpopular, no doubt; but the women who translate German will, in the long run, have most influence, and their verdict seems to be quite the other way.

—Fanny Fern gives a bit of personal experience thusly: "A woman, by taking a big basket in her hand and leaving her hoops at home, and pinning an old shawl over her head, and tying a calico apron around her waist, may go unmolested at any hour in the evening. I know it, because I have tried it, when I felt like having a 'prowl' all alone and a good 'think,' without every puppy saying at every step, 'a pleasant evening, miss.'"

—The Stowes are breaking up their family home at Hartford, and probably will never resume it again. The winters are too cold, and the summers are too hot for Mrs. Stowe's health. Professor Stowe and his wife spend the spring and early summer in New York and in Stockbridge, after which the family will establish themselves at the seaside for the rest of the season.

—Here is the record of a courageous deed, performed by a woman, in aid of the "puir dumb beasties," which Mr. Henry Bergh ought to have printed in letters of gold, framed and hung up in his office:

A daughter of Mr. John Fields, of St. Albans, Vermont, entered her father's burning barn last week, and while the fire was dropping upon her head, burning it to a blister, released several head of cattle and three horses. She also wielded an ax with the strength of an athletic man, demolishing a hog-pen and driving the inmates from danger.

—Dr. Dio Lewis tells a little story which might afford a hint to many struggling fathers who are wearing their lives out, eaten up with the moth of anxiety that their daughters may live in idleness and keep up appearances. A man had three daughters and two sons. He was a shopkeeper, and the three girls did nothing but dress, make calls, receive calls, go shopping, etc. The business declined until at last the father called his daughters together and told them he was in debt, and the only chance for the family was that the girls should take hold and help him carry on the business. This they did; the clerks were discharged, the daughters became useful and industrious, and the family was saved from poverty and distress.

— Mr. Ruskin at a recent meeting in London, for the benefit of the French female refugees, told Miss Faithfull that he heartily sympathized with her purpose of defining woman's sphere, and added, "It is as refreshing as the dew's, and defined as the moon's, but it is not the rain's or the sun's." Miss Faithfull agreed in this view, but remarked that the dark places of the earth need the pure light of the moon, and the barren mountain side looks for the refreshing dew as eagerly as the valley, and our duty is not to cramp and imprison for our own short-sighted, selfish ends what was intended for the widest and largest service—service, doubtless, differing in kind but equally indispensible.

—A writer to one of the newspapers says that the principal strength of the woman suffrage movement lies in the fact that no advocate of the cause ever becomes a backslider. The strength of the reform lies in the earnestness and zeal of its supporters. Another source of strength is the intelligence and culture of the converts. It is safe to say that there are more broad minds and unfettered intellects in sympathy with this cause than ever yet united for the good of society. Our forces cannot be estimated by figures merely, but must be judged by the value of the heads and hearts that fill the ranks.

—Woman's rights, from a Shaker standpoint, was given by a Shaker elder, who held forth in Dorset, Vt., the other day. He advocated female suffrage, and exhorted his hearers to withhold suffrage from men of war, and from men who would marry, for, thundered he, "whosoever will marry will fight."

—The practical measures women are taking to promote Tamperance augur well for the future. They have the greatest stake in the suppression of the dram shops, and are just beginning to find out that there is a better way to meet the evils of life than to sit down under them supinely. Witness the following: "The ladies of Ithaca, N. Y., numbering over twelve hundred, have signed an appeal to the electors of that village, to elect a Board of Trustees that will grant no license for the sale of intoxicating drinks in the place."

—The friends of peace are invited to attend the Fifth Anniversary of the Universal Peace Union, at Cooper Institute (Room No. 24), on Wednesday, May 10th, 1871, at 10 A. M., 2½ P. M., and 8 P. M. Speakers—Julia Ward Howe, Elihu Burritt, Lucretia Mott, Lillie Devereux Blake, George Drury, Levi K. Joslin, Aaron M. Powell, Alex. Delmar, Z. C. Whipple, and several of the officers of branch societies and kindred associations.

—The *Citizen and Round Table* comes very generously to the defence of the girls in the Treasury Department at Washington. It says:

Women, no matter how pretty—and the prettier, the stronger the case—who work eight hours steadily and laboriously at a respectable employment in order to earn a dollar and a half or a dollar and three-quarters, are not likely to be bad. The "wages of sin" are altogether higher than that sum in this world, whatever they may be in the next. Vice gives luxury, display and ease for a time at least, and the industrious, hard-working man or woman rarely or never belongs to the vicious classes.

—Somebody expatiating on the exploits of one House, a notorious special pleader in cases of marital infelicity, calls attention to the lax divorce laws of Connecticut, where it is entirely discretionary with the judge to say what does and what does not defeat the purpose of marriage, makes the following sensible remarks:

"We desire simply to show that a uniform law of divorce for all the States is imperatively demanded in order to prevent social demoarlization. A law in force in every State of the Union that would render any person going beyond the jurisdiction of the courts of his or her own district, for the purpose of obtaining a decree of divorce, guilty of a misdemeanor, and the whole horde of divorce lawyers would find their occupation gone."

—The sums awarded by the English Courts to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmitt, for libels printed in the newspapers, appear to be out of all proportion to the injuries sustained by the plaintiffs. How two or three journals can be prosecuted successfully for copying an item which has someway or other got into the maelstrom of the press, and can no more be traced to its source than a grain of dust floating in the air, seems very strange. Doubtless, editors are blame-worthy for helping to spread unpleasant personal facts, although they may be as true as truth. If the decision in the case referred to puts a check on the indecent trade in the misfortunes, shames, and disgraces,—not to mention libels of public characters, an excellent purpose will be subserved.

—Mrs. Howe is untiring in her efforts to bring about an International Peace Conference. She writes to the *Advocate of Peace* that her own appeal inaugurating the movement has been translated into five languages, and distributed largely in England and on the Continent. She has kept up a large European correspondence in furtherance of her plan, and measures are about to be taken for peace congresses of women in various parts of Europe. Every true philanthropist must wish her God speed in this noble work.

—The first annual meeting of the Reform League will be held in Steinway Hall, New York, on Tuesday, May 9th, at 10½ A. M. Prominent among the topics for discussion will be the condition of affairs at the South and the St. Domingo scheme. Among the speakers expected to address the meeting may be named Wendell Phillips, Julia Ward Howe, Robert Purvis, Frederick Douglass, and Rev. Samuel J. May. Lucretia Mott, venerated and beloved by all, hopes to be present, and the occasion bids fair to be most inspiring.

— A Philadelphia paper, while speaking of Miss Cobbe's scheme for a Londen club-house, says, in relation to the ladies of the city of broterly love:

"They want a place where a neat, inviting lunch will find its place between the dinners and creams, where they can take their bonnets off and wash their faces if they choose; where they can have the dust brushed from their dresses; where they may meet their lady friends, and in a word, have under a different system, the advantages a club-house would offer them.

Don't the ladies of New York and its environs need just such a place as is here described? We think they do.

—"Mrs. N. M. Henry is a popular clergywoman in Missouri, where she acts as rector, does the singing for the congregation, preaches three times a week, looks after the morals of the church members, and takes care of six little children. The Rev. N. M. Henry's industry and energy certainly cannot be questioned."

We should be glad to know something about the Rev. N. M. Henry's better or worser half. It would appear from the above that he does not bear up his end of the rope. Looking after the morals of an ordinary congregation would keep one woman prerty lively, not to speak of all the other duties enumerated. After this example let no one venture to proclaim that the capacity of woman is less than that of the self-styled lords of creation.

—What business has the public with Mrs. Fair's and Mr. Crittendon's love letters? Many of the respectable journals of the country, in one form or another, have been asking this and similar questions for some days past, and yet the public appetite is not one whit less keen for these choice morsels and tid-bits of scandal. Has the criminal at the bar no rights which anybody is bound to respect? The letters in question prove nothing in regard to the killing of Mr. Crittendon any more than did the private correspondence which was so shamelessly dragged forth during the MacFarland-Richardson trial. The Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, and the essayist before the Radical Club, Boston, who spoke so ably of what he knew, have both been deploring the corruptions of the press; but the people are to blame: the people ask for this kind of carrion, and the press only gives what is demanded. Let the people stop subscribing to newspapers which introduce to their families a knowledge of pruriency, a record of uncontrolled passions and loose lives, and the nuisance will soon abate.

—A ladies' fair has been held lately in Brooklyn, for an excellent object, viz: to furnish funds for St. Mary's Hospital and Foundling Asylum, and in connection with it the *Tribune* takes occasion to reproach the custom of raffling, which is only a species of gambling, for the furtherance of religious and charitable objects. This seems to us extremely just and well timed. Women should never allow their moral sense to be blinded by zeal for good works. Stripped of its accessories raffling does not differ so very much from keno or faro, and all right-minded women ought to hesitate long before they attempt to promote benevolent ends at the expense of the moral sentiments.

—Grace Greenwood says that "last spring, in a conversation with the Hon. Lyulph Stanley, son of Lord Stanley, of Alderney, on this suffrage subject, I told him what we had to endure from editors, reporters, Jenkins, and Mrs. Grundy, and he expressed great surprise, saying, that in England—aristocratic, conservative, feudal England—it was so far different that the movement was not only respected for the sake of its eminent advocates, but, when opposed, argued against with entire fairness and courtesy. His sister, Lady Amberly, and her associates, he said, were neither sent into Coventry by high fashion, nor personally ridiculed and vilified by the papers. Surely their 'lines are cast in pleasant places.'"

—The Ohio woman suffragists have presented a strong petition to the Legislature of that State, in which the following passage occurs relative to the contrast between the rights of aliens and the rights of free-born American women:

The alien, who is taxed for property that is protected, has the right of citizenship open in every State, so that if he is not entitled to its immunities he is not debarred them, but chooses freely to retain his allegiance to some other government. Yet under these circumstances he is not deprived of any of the advantages of his own industry and thrift, but may acquire and will property, rear children and provide for their guardianship, without any embarrassing restrictions. In this the foreign citizen is to be envied in comparison with your daughters, who, upon marriage, lose a large share of their personal rights, and come into legal disabilities that deprive them of former rights of guardianship and administration, as well as the right to dispose by will of any property that may be jointly acquired during coverture, a right which the husband freely exercises over two-thirds of such property in most, if not all, the States of the Union.

—At a recent meeting in Washington of the sixty-seven ladies who were refused registration on the 14th inst., a number present signified their intention to make affidavits, and institute proceedings in court. The following is the form of affidavit to be filed and signed:

—— makes oath that she is a citizen of the United States, of full age, and a resident of the District of Columbia, and that she now resides in —— Delegate District, and has resided therein for the full period —— months last past; that on the 14th day of April, 1871, she personally presented herself for registration as a voter at the ensuing election in and for said district to the lawful Board of Registration within and for said District of Columbia, consisting of John S. Crocker, Richard M. Hall, George S. Gideon, Wm. C, Harper, Samuel W. Owen, Thomas Martin, and John F. Cook, then in session in the City Hall of the city of Washington, in said District of Columbia; and then and there gave her name and place of residence to said Board, and demanded and requested that her name should be placed upon the list of the qualified and registered voters of said —— Delegate District, which said request and demand were by said Board then and there wrongfully refused, whereby the right has accrued to her to vote at said election in said Delegate District, pursuant to the act of Congress, in such case made and provided.

—Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens, of the *Pioneer* complains of the unjust treatment Mrs. Fair has met with during her trial for the shooting of Mr. Crittenden, of San Francisco. There are grievous sins on Mrs. Fair's head, and so there were on the head of Daniel McFarland, but he received the tenderest sympathy from members of the bar, not to speak of the consecrated occupants of pulpits. The press teemed one short year ago with justifications of his act, and yet it was murder, the same crime of which Mrs. Fair is guilty. Was the fountain of all this sympathy spent on the male offender? Is there not a gush remaining for the woman? MacFarland's counsel claimed that he committed the deed of blood in a fit of insanity, and singularly enough Mrs. Fair pleads the palliation of frenzy for her act. In our estimation, MacFarland and Mrs. Fair stand on much the same level. If the law could excuse the one from punishment, it would be monstrous to condemn the other.

—The N. Y. *Tribune* has recently been giving Superintendent Kelso another lesson in the duties of his office, by investigating the trade of female fortune tellers, who advertise so freely in our dailies, and appear, in most cases, to unite the business of procuress with their avowed calling. They belong to the worst class of beldames and hags, and batten chiefly on the incredulity of silly or ignorant women. Those visited by the *Tribune* reporter were very free in preferring criminal charges against shop-girls, school-girls, the wives of clerks, etc. Statements coming from such a source are wholly untrustworthy, and we do not believe one half of the disgusting stories so readily poured out. No doubt, however, there is a residuum of truth appalling enough to all thoughtful people, who would only be too glad to see this whole pernicious business of fortune telling, crushed by the strong arm of the law.

—It is strange that those who habitually read newspapers from all parts of the country retain a spark of faith in human nature. A case of the most atrocious cruelty and wrong, with a glimpse of the way some things are mismanaged in that Western State, comes to us from Michigan. Not long ago, a little girl eleven years old, was sent to the Detroit House of Correction for ten years, on the charge of being a common prostitute, preferred by her own father. She is the victim of a married man-monster, who has not been in any wise molested, and is described as a fragile, delicate child, small of her age, and ill-treated at home by her mother. Detroit has the cheerful habit, it seems, of letting the married male fiends who debauch children almost before they reach the age of legal accountability go scot free, while it lays its claws on the little lost ones, and thrusts them into a common House of Correction, to remain until the age of twenty-one, and grow up under the teachings of mature prostitutes and thieves. It is the shame of Michigan that it has not a single reform school for girls while for the last fifteen years vagrant and vicious boys have been educated and reformed at the expense of the State. The hapless child, above referred to, is doomed to imprisonment for ten years. Will not her horrible fate appeal to the mothers of Michigan, and render them more strenuous than ever in their demand for admission to the jury-box and legislative halls, that in a Christian land some remedy may be devised for crushing out this horrible species of inhumanity?

Our Mail Bag.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S VIEWS ON THE SOCIAL EVIL.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I have read the letter in your valuable paper from "A Mother, and a Woman of Sad Experiences," and also your able answer thereto a page or two further on, and I want you to give a hearing to one who differs a little from both.

I think the "Mother" is wrong in wishing the social evil to be *licensed;* but still I would decidedly have some sort of legislation on the subject. For instance, I would sweep our streets of all that offends the eye and ear at night, *both in men and women*, and I would most decidedly have hospitals to cure the bodies of the victims of men's licentiousness, while, at the same time, in the process of so-doing, we may get at their souls. I say this because I think that our streets, left as they are—which will be the case if we have no legislation—are a disgrace to a Christian country. Who would not tremble to send a young man out into the street at night in any of our large, or even small, English towns? And who does not deprecate, indeed, the diseases that are brought home to innoent wives, and so passed on to innocent, unborn children? There, indeed, I sympathize with the "Mother," though I am against the *licensing* system of the social evil. *Repression* is what we ought to aim at, together with severe punishments on men who are seen and known to tempt women to evil; but we can hardly hope for this latter until women have a voice in the Legislature of the country; for as long as men alone make the laws, they will frame them with as much regard as possible to their own pleasure. That is nothing more nor less than human nature, which, in the matter of the social evil, is remarkably strong in the animal man.

I quite agree with the "Mother" that it will indeed be the "Millenium" when prostitution ceases; but there I stop in the agreeing, and I would not go on to license it. As to the matter of the Millenium question, I would say the same of any other crime that is committed every day of the week; yet, because there is such a thing as *murder*, I should hardly suppose the "Mother" would legalize that! No, we try to repress it; we punish the wrong doer; and so it should be in the *crime of prostitution*, be it man or woman. It should be looked upon as a crime in both, and punished accordingly, the same as any other crime, and it would be no more "interfering with the liberty of the subject" than in the other case I have mentioned, though that is an argument frequently brought against the promoters of the C. D. Act.

Moral laws *should* be enforced, and the diseases consequent on the infringement of those laws seen to and cured, if possible. Then comes the whole question—too long to enter into—of how women ought not to be so chased from society for a first fault, that they cannot get an honest living, and of how more employments should be opened to them, and all that sort of thing.

It is senseless to argue that *repression* would not succeed, that many would evade the vigilance of the law, etc., for do we alter our laws against other crimes on that account? We are bound to do our duty in the matter of law making, whether we succeed in total repression or not. Of course, we shall *not* succeed, for then, indeed, the Millenium would have arrived at our doors.

I think, from your article on the "Mother's" letter, that you will agree with me that *both* halves of the evil should be doctored, and it is that to which all women ought to devote their energies. I should be sorry to think that such noble workers as Mrs. E. M. King would wish to leave the streets *as they are*, and I feel persuaded that such is not their wish; but it would be very wise on the part of these noble women if they promptly proposed measures calculated to stem the crying social evil in some sort. There *are* cures which some men in England have advocated *sub rosa;* but these, I think, would only gratify men's passions in a different way, and turn *all* women into what *I* should certainly call prostitutes.

I quite endorse your sentiments with regard to the base insinuations against the irreproachable characters of the high-minded women who are working in the cause against legalizing vice. Mrs. E. M. King, Mrs. Butler and others are, indeed, "the noblest moral heroines of the day," for their work must be anything but agreeable to them, and it is one in which, unfortunately, even pure women deprecate their working; but it is undeniably a *woman's question*, if ever anything was, and because some people choose to sit and fold their hands and exclaim at the vice around them, and do nothing practically to prevent it, that is no reason why those who have the moral courage to undertake it should be unjustly blamed and suspected. There are *some* workers in the cause who have a certain want of tact in the methods they have chosen of enlightening the public on the matter of the C. D. Act, such as giving pamphlets on the subject into the hands of young girls who have nothing to do with it, and so on, thereby only shocking fathers and mothers, and doing no good after all. It is the heads of families and such like that must be enlightened.

Would to God that the men who *cause* the mischief could be punished! I cannot say enough on *that* score, and there I am sure all good women and men on both sides of the question will agree with me.

I think that this letter of mine will be found to agree mostly with your article on the same subject, though the "mother" has some reason on her side, also, and the fact is that we must all be charitable to each other, even when disagreeable. I am, madam,

Yours, faithfully, VIA MEDIA.

NOTES OF A LECTURING TOUR.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

On Saturday last, I went up to Dutchess county, to fulfill an engagement to deliver my lecture, "Soldier and Victim." The journey up the river was a very pleasant one, the day was bright and sunny, a faint tinge of green beginning to show on the banks of the beautiful river. I was much entertained in watching a young lady who sat in front of me, a person who had evidently studied the *nil admirari* to success. An air of languid indifference pervaded her whole frame, and she leaned back enveloped in shawl and veil, neither reading nor looking out of window, and giving very short, almost sulky replies, to her old mother, who was trying to make her comfortable. Had she no interest whatever in life? I wondered. Ah, yes! Presently we approached West Point, and the key-note was struck! A complete change came over the inanimate beauty, she threw back her veil, opened the window and looked out eagerly, as the grey hills and substantial buildings of the Cadet's house came into view. She had one human feeling then—a possible, a probable husband. I had some conversation with her mother, who informed me that she thought "A woman had duties enough, and profession enough, in attending to her home cares." Evidently her daughter found ordinary life rather a bore, in spite of these same woman's duties. When will parents learn how cruel as well as wrong it is to train up their girls in idleness?

Arrived at my journey's end, I was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Deyo, people of very progressive and liberal views on all the reforms of the day, and leaders in the good work in this section of country. In the afternoon we drove away over the pleasant hills, to Schultzville, where I spoke in the church to a large and intelligent audience. In the evening we went to Clinton Hall, where I was again greeted by a house crowded to its utmost capacity. The people in this region are thoughtful and liberal in their views, eager for instruction and improvement. Many of them came from great distances to hear the lecture, and both audiences were remarkably attentive and earnest.

Of course, I had something to say on Woman Suffrage, and it was very well received, indeed I found that this, and kindred reforms, numbers many supporters among the stalwart farmers of Ducthess, that "land flowing with milk and honey," while their bright-eyed wives and daughters look as if they would know how to make good use of the ballot whenever it is given to them.

Yours truly,

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

AN AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Believers in caste and exclusiveness should never travel, lest the shadow of inferiors falling upon them they should be contaminated; and, especially, they should never venture in public conveyances to run the risk of being nudged by pariahs.

I saw a woman in a Third Avenue car yesterday with a commonplace face, but not commonplace garments. She was an American aristocrat—whether of the *genus* "shoddy" or not, I do not know, and it matters little. An American woman, who bears herself in a way to prove that she rejects the principles on which our government is founded, is alike despicable, whether she has been born to wealth or has had wealth "thrust upon her."

This woman was dressed in a costume better suited to the ball-room than to the car. She wore a rich silk, elaborately trimmed with costly lace; a gypsy bonnet (a pretty thing of itself, but unbecoming to her hard, selfish face); on her hands were blood-red kid gloves; around her fat neck, a gold chain, with locket attached, which rested on a spot which had else been shamefully bare. She also wore a nose; not a Grecian or a Roman nose, or a pug, but a nondescript nose, not remarkable

except for one peculiarity, that it persistently kept itself at a greater elevation than seemed necessary under the circumstances.

There was a gentleman with this aristocrat, and the two occupied fully three seats.

"One sees something of life on these cars," remarked the man.

Her lips curled. "I should think so; all sorts." Just in front of her stood a man wearing a seedy coat. His lips curled too.

Now the conductor pulled the strap, and a woman entered with a baby boy. There was nothing stylish about her. She was evidently one of the "common people." Her plain alpaca was faded; her short, old-fashioned sack rusty-looking; her bonnet, doubtless home-made, not at all artistic; her thin hands were ungloved; her eyes deep set; her face had a settled, weary look; there was little beauty of color or outline there; but there was a touching expression that told of hope long deferred and of suffering patiently endured. There was motherly love in her sad eyes, too; and as she smiled at the angel in her arms, for a moment her features were glorified.

The man in the seedy coat had not demanded his rights: he had not asked the fine lady to move up for him; but now, when he saw that the aristocrat, unabashed, stirred not for the pale mother, he spoke:

"Can't you make room for one more here?"

"No, it is crowded now," and the skirt was spread out a little wider, and the nose went a little higher in the air, as the steel-cold eyes surveyed the shabbily-dressed woman.

But aristocracy did not triumph here as it does too often in this world. The good-natured conductor came to the rescue.

"Plenty of room—only nine on this side; move a little closer, if you please. Plenty of room, madam, I tell you; move up!"

Then the fine lady moved; but as she did so she scowled, and drawing her robe hastily aside, cast a contemptuous look at the baser garments of her sister. The mother saw the movement, and blushed deeply; but I thought the other should have blushed instead.

Truly yours,

MARY HAINES GILBERT.

LAW VS. JUSTICE.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

I have been engaged somewhat, of late, in studying the laws of Massachusetts in relation to property, and believing that these do not differ materially from those of many other States, I desire to present the results of my search to the attention of the women of the country, that they may learn how well their needs are provided for by their "natural protectors." My attention was first directed to this matter by my personal acquaintance with the case of a young woman who, after a few months of married life, became a widow, and having no children the entire real estate goes to her husband's family, (as he left no will) and as his personal property amounts to little or nothing she is now almost penniless, while that which should of right be hers goes to still further enrich her husband's family who already have enough and to spare.

But some one will say a husband should provide for his wife by a will. True, but how many men fail to do this? Most men, in the prime of life and strength, have a superstitious feeling, that making a will in some way brings death nearer to them, and neglect the matter until it is too late. The laws of States should be such that no contingency shall rob a wife of her husband's property. Does not Scripsure enjoin upon a man to "forsake father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" Is not her claim stronger than all others? Let us see the light in which law-givers look upon the matter. I do not keep the words of the text, but abridge it as much as possible.

If a person dies intestate, leaving no children, his real estate shall fall to his parents, or brothers and sisters, excluding his widow entirely. This is a relic of that old English barbarism (it is little else,) which gave the whole landed estate to the eldest son, to the exclusion of all the other children. If there be personal property this, to the amount of $5,000, falls to the widow; but many men possess much real estate and but little or no personal property so that this provision is no security. If a man leaves one or more children, one-third of his estate goes to his widow, the rest to the children, so that the wife is made inferior to the child, supposing there be but one.

"Let us look on this picture, and then on that." I quote directly from Chapter 94, Section 16, of the General Statutes of Massachusetts, relating to persons who die, leaving no will.

"If the intestate was a married woman her husband shall be entitled to *the whole* of the residue," (of property that is.)

"If the intestate leaves a widow and issue, the widow shall be entitled to *one-third* the residue."

"If there is no issue the widow shall be entitled to the residue to the amount of five thousand dollars, &c."

You will observe, in the case of the man, there is no provision made for children. The husband receives the whole estate, regardless of offspring; the wife has but *one-third*. This is the law of Massachusetts, in this, the nineteenth century. Yet men say to women, "We will protect you, and care for your needs as for our own," and women blindly cry out, "We have all the rights we want." Look to it, sisters, that you throw no obstacle in the pathway of progress, as it moves onward to sweep away these and kindred abuses, but rather help on the good work with willing hands and steadfast hearts.

Truly yours, Mrs. S. F. S.

ANOTHER PLAN.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Is stealing a vice? Shall we have some portion of the great cities set apart for thieves to congregate in unmolested, provided a license is paid, and no malignant disease is spread by the frequenters thereof? No. Is stealing the purse and worldly goods, then, so much worse than robbing wives of purity ("Whosoever toucheth pitch shall be defiled") and children of their moral birthright, besides robbing them of purse and worldly goods?

Shall the "social evil" be *acknowledged* by our Legislatures? Yes—a thousand times yes—in this way: Let it be made the duty of any and every officer in any county of the State to ascertain whether there be houses of prostitution kept within his jurisdiction. Make it the duty of officers to obtain the names of all men entering such houses, and to publish said names in their county papers for three successive weeks, on the first offence. On the second offence, make it the duty of the officers to present the case to the grand jury of the county, where, if found guilty, they shall be subject to imprisonment for not less than six months, and for each additional offence, double the term of imprisonment. Any officer derelict in this duty, to be subject of complaint before the grand jury by any citizen, and on being found guilty, subject to imprisonment for three months and a fine of $500.

Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. We do not cure an ulcer by exposing it to the action of a mass of corruption. Most assuredly, if the demand for an evil can be done away with, the supply will cease.

Yours truly, A. C. T.

OBERLIN AND ELOCUTION.

JAMAICA, L. I., April 19, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Your correspondent, writing from Alfred Centre, and in the interest of the school there, says, that discipline in elocution is denied to girls at Oberlin. She is mistaken. Every facility is afforded those desiring to perfect themselves in that art. Each season a special course of a number of weeks' duration is given by some prominent elocutionist to all the pupils far enough advanced to receive such. The ladies not only have access to the privileges of the classes formed for the gentlemen, but have classes formed especially for their benefit. The undersigned had the honor of teaching elocution at Oberlin several years to classes made up of ladies and gentlemen, young and old, during which time the females received instruction in all branches, including declamation.

Yours truly, A. STEWART WALSH.

MRS. C. E. COCHRAN.

We copy from the *Golden Age* the following tribute to a noble woman, whose recent death is the occasion of deep grief to a large circle of personal friends, and to a larger circle, the friends of humanity:

"A few days ago, in Detroit, there passed from this life a woman's soul of the noblest type; and over her death, all the people would now be mourning, did they know how grieviously her departure bereaves the world. Mrs. C. E. Cochran was a lady rather past the middle life, of stately and benignant presence, with an intellectual and spiritual nature that excited admiration and confidence, who, through years of trouble, borne by her uncomplainingly, struggled after truth and goodness, and sought to brighten and help all human kind. She had every capacity to become famous, except the wish to become so; but all who ever approached her will remember always the greatness, dignity, and power of her character. She belonged to the heroines of reform. In other days, she was in the van of the anti-slavery movement; and in recent times, she was giving mind and heart and life to all the good causes that have taken the place of that once-absorbing struggle. She never spoke in public, though she often attended conventions; but her counsels in committee were of inestimable value, and her pen did in the public press what her tongue refused to do on the public platform. Last year she gave, in the Michigan papers, an argumentative appeal in behalf of woman suffrage, which was of great weight and eloquence. Her charms of intellect made her a guide to any who were in doubt; and her largeness of heart attracted to her the sorrowing for comfort. She was "one who added sweetness to life, and gave faith to a life to come."

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The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1871.

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We propose to extend our list by adding such valuable premiums as are especially calculated to meet the wants of women.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

HARRIET HOSMER.

ROME, ITALY, March 28, 1871.

No studio in Rome is more beautiful or more attractive than that of Miss Hosmer, and no studio is so generally visited by strangers who come to the Eternal City, whether Americans, or pilgrims from other lands, as that of this famous sculptress.

It is not many years since this young girl made and exhibited in Boston her first ideal bust, "Hesper, the Evening Star," a work which she not only modeled herself, but which she put into marble *almost* with her own hands, since the only assistance which she had was that of an Irishman, whom she dared not trust, except with the roughest part of the cutting of the block for fear his clumsy and inexperienced chisel would spoil her exquisite work.

The exhibition of that bust in Boston was an era in American art.

By the force of her own genius, aided, as all geniuses must be, by long and careful study, Miss Hosmer not only opened the path to fame and fortune for herself, but made that way easy for other women to walk in, and with the true generosity of a noble and art-loving nature, she is ever ready to aid by her counsel and encouragement any artist of her own sex.

Miss Hosmer has had her full share of the envy aud calumny which all women have to encounter who venture to enter on any new field of work; but the yelping pack of curs, who barked at her heels and snatched at her with their cruel teeth in her early days of struggle, are now ready to fawn upon her and lick her hands in the time of her triumph. But she goes on her way as indifferent to their fawning now as she was to their yelping before.

"You will see," said the loud-voiced band of detractors, "that when Miss Hosmer's master, the great Gibson, dies, she will never do any more work."

That noble-souled and generous artist has gone, and no one of his many friends mourned his loss more deeply than his young American pupil; but her fine statue of "The Sleeping Fawn," made since that time, and which is one of her most beautiful works, has disproved this slander.

She is now about putting the finishing touches to a life-size portrait statue of the ex-Queen of Naples in the military costume which that royal lady wore at Gaeta. The Queen has been most interested in this work and unwearied in her sittings for this statue during the ten years which it has been in progress, and everybody is on the tip-toe of expectation to see it. No artist more fully than Miss Hosmer acts upon the theory of Goethe, who, when asked to define genius, replied, "Genius is work, work, work." She is never satisfied with the execution of her marbles, and is never quite ready to say that they are finished; but she promises soon to unveil this statue of the Queen, which rumor whispers is one of her finest works.

Miss Hosmer is also engaged upon a monumental marble for the family of Mr. Litchworth, of New York. It is to be a recumbent figure of life-size, to be placed in a sort of alcove of marble, we are told; but as we have not seen it, we can give no just idea of its design.

No woman is busier than Miss Homer in her own work, and to society she gives little thought or care. A small, choice circle of friends, by whom she is adored, are sufficient for her; her chief relaxation she takes in riding on horseback.

She is a capital horsewoman, and she has the finest horses in Rome. This is one of her pet extravagances. For one of her late purchases, Bruno, a mngnificent blood horse, Prince Humbrit, who shares her tastes for horses and hunting, has offered her a large sum, which she does not care to accept.

At the coming steeple-chase in April, on the Campagna, Miss Hosmer is to enter a horse, and her jockey is to wear the American colors.

Yet, in spite of these rather unusual tastes, she is far from masculine in her mind or in her personal appearance. She is young and attractive. Her fair hair, bright eyes, expressive face and graceful figure would make her noticeable as a charming woman in any society. She is full of fun and witty sallies, frank and pleasant in her manners, and her dress, if not always of the latest Parisian models, is something better, elegant, tasteful and becoming. In fact, she looks so well, converses so well, and dresses so well, that even the most inveterate hater of strong-minded females would find it hard work to harden his heart against her.

In her studio she shows the same taste and love of the beautiful that made her room in her childhood's home the delight and admiration of all the neighborhood. But instead of the quaint writing materials; the inkstand made of bird's eggs, to which the open beak of another bird served as an aperture, and the other equally original and pretty ornaments of her desk and room, which were the works of her childish hands, her studio is now filled with the results of her maturer labors.

The active brain and untiring energy, which, in her youth, could find no complete satisfaction, except in the exhaustless book of nature, still seeks its pleasure in those same sybilline pages.

Instead of clambering trees inaccessible to other mortals, and bringing off crows' nests as trophies, dissecting animals, or studying their domestic economy, she now creates beautiful figures which hardly need the Promethian fire to make them immortal.

On entering her studio, a fine model of a fountain, the original of which is in the possession of Lady Alford, of England, meets your eyes. It occupies the centre of the large room, and around it are ranged other of her works. Conspicuous among them is Puck, that graceful and original conception which made the young sculptress famous at once. The first copy was, we believe, sold to the Prince of Wales, and it is perhaps the most widely known of any of Miss Hosmer's works. Puck, the very embodiment of Shakspeare's elfin creation, sits on a toadstool, a lizard creeps at his side, and wild leaves and grasses grow about him. The very spirit of diablerie quivers in the little sprite's whole body. He seems the embodiment of that subtle spirit of motion which makes itself heard in the rustle of every twig; shows itself in the bend of every blade of grass, and, in a thousand fleeting shadows, reveals the ceaseless throbbings of our mother Earth's unquiet heart in her changing moods, whether of joy or sadness.

Puck is an expression of her gayest humor, and is as inspiring as a ray of sunshine or a frolicsome zephyr.

Copies of Miss Hosmer's other works stand in stately rank in the two side rooms which open out of the central and larger one in which her fountain is placed. Zenobia, the haughty royal captive, wearing her chains as if they were only an added insignia of her rank; Beatrice Cerice, prone on her prison floor in all the abandonment of her despair, from which even sleep cannot take the bitterness; and the Sleeping Fawn, a perfect contrast to this suffering mortal, in the serene repose which has overtaken him on the quiet bank where he has sunk to rest.

On the walls of one room hang also her pencil drawings for the famous bronze doors, which Miss Hosmer made for an English nobleman.

She, like our own great sculptor, Story, has found her most generous patrons in England, though our own country can boast of possessing many of her works; but there is not a European country from Russia to Italy where our young sculptress is not known and honored. America may well be proud of the genius of this, her gifted daughter.

One more word let us say in her honor, not as an artist, but as a woman. She is remarkable for her hatred of evil speaking and for her entire freedom from even the slightest taint of this meanest of vices. Those who know her best unite in the assertion that she was never known to say an unkind word against any one. Even her detractors are safe from all abuse from her tongue.

Some of the gentle ladies of our own country, who shudder at the very mention of one of their sex who steps "out of her sphere," might well imitate Miss Hosmer's example in this respect; nor need any of these ladies blush or fear for the honor or dignity of womanhood when it is entrusted to the keeping of such noble and pure hands as those of Harriet Hosmer.

BUYING VOTES.

The *Philadelphia Post* has some remarks to make concerning what it says is alleged to be Mrs. Stanton's position, by which she is made to *seem* to offer the woman's party to either the Democrats or Republicans as a reward for the one which will first espouse the cause.

The *Post* sensibly concludes that there is some misapprehension in regard to Mrs. Stanton's expressions on this subject, and says that an obscure statement to the same effect was made some time ago in THE REVOLUTION.

We do not now recall any statement in our paper, which, by inference or implication, could be made to mean that the woman party stood ready to be knocked down to the highest bidder. What we have declared as plainly as we could find words to express it, is that in the present disfranchised condition of women they cannot reasonably be either Republicans or Democrats; that it is absurd for them to avow any such party allegiance, when all participation in politics is disdainfully denied them. There may be, and of course are, political principles which are dear to them, and political measures which they could wish to see carried out; but being perforce held outside of all party lines, it is absurd for them, under present circumstances, to think of taking a party name.

We are not aware that there is any society or any organization whatsoever in the country which is clothed with authority, enabling it to offer pledges for the future action of the women of America. Let Republicans or Democrats help us to the ballot from whatsoever motive and doubtless it would elicit sentiments of gratitude sufficient in some cases to influence votes. Then, on the other hand there are multitudes of women who feel that they suffer a grievous wrong so long as the ballot is withheld from them. They do not supplicate for it on their bended knees; they stand up as the peers of men, and claim it because it rightfully belongs to them, and no enormous sense of obligation will blind their eyes or administer an anodyme to their consciences.

The fear expressed by the *Post*, in regard to bribing the woman party, is utterly groundless. Fifteen millions of the most independent-minded women on the face of the globe cannot be bribed. An immense advantage will certainly accrue to either party which first shows a willingness to allow women to vote; but no pledge or promise can be given on the part of the women of the country in regard to their future action. It is of the utmost importance that they hold themselves clear from all such crippling complications before their rights are secured. Honor and honesty demand that the barque of woman suffrage shall be launched in a free and open sea. The body politic is already sick unto death from the corruptions which are feeding on its vitals. The best women in this movement demand that the political influence of women shall be purer than that of men, and it could not be if inaugurated by an act of bribery.

We ask either party, or the best men of both, to give us suffrage, holding out none but the legitimate reward of a just deed. When women are once armed with the ballot the natural party attractions will draw them to one organization or the other, as in the case of men. Nobody holds the keys to loose or bind their future political action. That action will shape itself when the power comes by which alone it can be developed.

FANCIED DANGER.

It is not necessary for the rabble to have a wise or profound catch-word—the more foolish and irrational, the better it will serve the ends of those who wish to make use of it. Nothing can be more baseless and unfounded than the pretence that woman suffrage will destroy domestic ties, and break up the family.

It is claimed that there is everywhere unrest, dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, a desire to escape from old bonds, and enter new and untried fields. Our opponents assert that this vast, wide-spread, deep-seated discontent is the result of the agitation of woman's rights, whereas woman's rights is but the creature of this same discontent. For years, aye, for centuries, it has been moaning and groaning under the surface, crushing lives and breaking hearts. At last the dumb agony has found a voice with which to plead, and the world should rejoice that all this groaning and travail—this sense of her own wrongs and loss in woman's soul—has brought forth only a peaceable reform and not a direful convulsion.

If family relations are in danger from woman's rights, so much the worse for family relations. We say, if family relations are founded on man's selfish supremacy, then the agitation of the woman question will be apt to topple down the superstructure, for the fact cannot be denied that it does strike a fatal blow at male rule apart from that just and legitimate influence which one human being has a natural right to exercises over another.

Woman's rights has exploded the notion that the female half of creation was created solely for the pleasure and benefit of the male half; that man is the sun, and woman the moon revolving around him and shining solely by reflected light. It has broached a new theory, viz.: that every individual was sent into the world with duties towards himself or herself: such as the maintainance of self-respect, the preservation of honor, and, also, that servile submission to wrong is a vice instead of a virtue.

It is our settled conviction that these new doctrines cannot injure, but will only brace and strengthen domestic life. That which the tempest can overthrow, it will overthrow; that which is deeply entrenched in the needs of human nature may tremble and rock, but there is no danger of its falling. During the existence of slavery, the white population of the South was constantly in dread of an uprising among the negroes; and just so long as her rights are denied, the insurrectionary elements, in the nature of woman, which, at the same time, are the most hopeful signs of progress, will threaten society. There is not smoke without fire. Our domestic life needs purifying. Better marriages should be made, better children should be born into the world, better lives should be led, and the improvement of society in these and other respects is exactly what our reform means.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION,

Under the Auspices of the National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee, Washington, D. C.

The question of the constitutional right of women to citizenship and suffrage, having become, in its political and legal relations, a question of great and immediate importance, a Convention for its discussion will be held in the city of New York, on the 11th and 12th days of May next, at Apollo Hall, corner of Broadway and Twenty-eighth street. Distinguished and able speakers, both men and women, will take part in the discussions. There is at the present time a demand in both political parties for new and vital issues, affording, therefore, a special opportunity for this question to assert its claims as a political one upon the attention of the whole country. Every man and woman, who believes in a truly Republican form of government, is urgently invited to attend the Convention.

In behalf of the Committee.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER,
President.

Friendly papers please copy.

—All of Miss Anthony's friends and correspondents will please make a note of the fact that her post-office address is Rochester, N. Y. People in different parts of the country are under the impression that New York city is her home. This is a mistake. The pleasant garden city of Rochester is the residence of her mother and sisters, and there she makes her headquarters when the four corners of the Union do not claim her presence, and there, among those whose love never falters or fails, she gathers strength for future labors and conflicts. She writes us as follows from Rushford, Alleghany Co., N. Y., under date of April 21st: "One more lecture after this, and then home to mother and three sisters in Rochester. Just six months have I been constantly speaking, averaging five nights a week; but the great joy of my heart is that I have seen with these eyes the *woman citizen voter*. Let all women go and do likewise."

—Our readers will doubtless remember a sketch of Mrs. Bella C. Barrows, a lady oculist, which appeared some months ago in THE REVOLUTION. She seems to possess great natural aptitude for her profession, and has had the advantage of the best medical schools of Europe. She has repeatedly operated on the human eye under the instruction of famous oculists in Vienna and London, and is, in all respects, admirably fitted to fill the position to which she has recently been chosen, that of lecturer on diseases of the eye in the Medical Department of Howard University. We trust her marked success will inspire other young women to enter some yet untried paths of the professions which demand great industry and scientific knowledge.

THE NEW PHASE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

In the history of the new phase of woman suffrage developed last winter in Washington and in Congress, one step has followed another in the natural order of events until the movement, at last, has attained, perhaps, its most interesting stage.

To recapitulate: In the first place, last January Mrs. Woodhull, backed by Mrs. Hooker, the Hon. Mr. Riddle, and others, presented to the Judiciary Committee of the House a memorial, claiming for women the right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Federal Constitution.

The majority, with Mr. Bingham at their head, presented to Congress a report adverse to granting the prayer of the petitioner, on the ground that Congress has no power to pass a declaratory act which shall say, "that by the Constitution of the United States, the right to vote is vested in citizens of the United States, without regard to sex." Neither, in the opinion of the majority, is such an act authorized by the Constitution.

On the other hand, the minority of the Committee, consisting of Judge Loughridge and Hon. B. F. Butler, reported in favor of allowing woman the rights of franchise under the amended Constitution. Their arguments were strongly welded, and the statement they gave of the whole question most able and comprehensive. They showed that, by the common laws of England, women have a right to vote; that in the mother country, from time immemorial, unmarried females have been competent to vote; that under the Constitution of the United States, from the very beginning of our Government, the right of suffrage is a fundamental right of citizenship not only included in the term, "privileges of citizens of the United States," as used in that amendment, but also embraced in other parts of the Constitution. Finally, they urged the passage of a "declaratory resolution which would be an index to the action of the House, should the question be brought before it by a contest for a seat;" declaring, also, that suffrage is one of the inalienable rights of citizens of the United States subject to regulation by the States through equal and just laws; that this right is included in the privileges of citizens of the United States, which are guaranteed by section first of article fourteen of the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States; and that women citizens, who are otherwise qualified by the laws of the States where they reside, are competent voters for representatives in Congress.

This being the impartial decision of two of the best legal minds in the country, it was at once thrown back upon women themselves to make a practical effort for the purpose of securing the privileges which the Constitution guaranteed them. The gage cast down did not want for eager hands to take it up. Michigan led the van in putting the matter to proof, and there we have seen Mrs. Gardner and Miss Wilson eminently successful in their attempts to register and vote. This was enough, and more than enough, to induce a band of the noblest and most highly-esteemed women of Washington, previous to the recent election in the District of Columbia, to present themselves at the City Hall, and apply for registration. They were courteously received by Mr. Crooker, the Chairman of the Board, who expressed sincere regret at not being able to receive the names of the applicants. Their request was decidedly refused, and the case is now in form to be presented to the courts.

The first step towards securing a legal recognition of their citizenship has been taken, and an immense moral advantage thus gained by showing the world that Christian women of the highest standing and unimpeached respectability not only want to vote, but are ready to make all needful sacrifices to accomplish their object. The reform has now passed, partially at least, out of the phase of talk and entered upon that of work; women are showing that they can be fully relied upon, now that the moment for practical effort has come, and this of itself is an immense gain.

The general feeling in Washington is highly favorable to woman suffrage, owing to the new turn it has taken, whereby the best and wisest women can deal with it successfully. Some of the incidents connected with the attempt at registration were very interesting. The name of Grace Greenwood heads the petition. In a letter to *The Chronicle*, she has detailed the natural shrinking she felt from appearing in this new role, as she has no relish for ridicule and abuse. A natural dread accompanied this first plunge, but characteristically enough she says:

> "When the first step, the "step that costs," a step in the direction my own principles have marked out, is to be taken, I certainly cannot hold back without loss of self-respect. But how many *men* would go to the polls, or apply for registration, or put forth any political effort whatever, from which no immediate or speedy advantage could be looked for but simply to test a principle, in the face of such misrepresentation, ridicule and ribaldry as we who advocate the cause of woman suffrage have to encounter in every movement or demonstration? We *must* be in earnest; we *must* have calculated the cost, for such things *hurt*."

It is reported that when Grace Greenwood's aged mother, "nearer ninety than eighty," to use her own words, was asked by her daughter if she would sign the petition, she answered with enthusiasm: "Yes, write it twice."

When the paper was handed to Mrs. Emma Southworth for her signature, she started for her pen without a question, saying: "It must come; they may as well accept the situation gracefully."

Frederick Douglass, whose long services have identified him with the friends of woman, and given him an enviable place, accompanied the women, applicants for registration, to the City Hall, feeling doubtless an elation of spirit at the prospect of the speedy emancipation of the sex akin to what he felt at the liberation of his own oppressed and downtrodden race. As one of the great emancipators of the age, with the memory of the prison-house in his soul, he was well and fitly chosen to accompany that little band of earnest women on their mission.

We are looking every day for new and significant developments of woman suffrage, and if we are not disappointed, the near future will teem with activity and interest.

SOMETHING MORE.

The conventional lawyer, as represented upon the stage and in novels, is a walking edition of Coke, and Blackstone, and might more appropriately be bound in calf and lettered upon the back, than clad in the ordinary habiliments of man. The conventional doctor always smacks of pill-box and saddle-bags; the artist is nothing without his palette and brushes, and the man of ideas is made to talk as if his head were a manufactory of polysyllabic words. Now, though the actual flesh and blood, man does not closely resemble his conventional prototype, he finds it vastly hard to get away from and sink the shop.

At Mrs. Jones' party you will find the men who are not strictly dancing-men, gathered in knots, discussing business, while their wives have congregated together to talk over domestic matters, and the degeneracy of servants. The necessity for a fresh social element, differing entirely from that which they drone upon every hour of their ordinary day, does not suggest itself to their minds. The possibility of creating such an element by a proper exertion of will and effort has never entered their brains. They go home yawning and vote parties a bore. They lay aside their finery with positive pleasure, and find the old trammels and ruts delightful in comparison with so-called social enjoyments.

It would seem, more and more every year, as if outside of great cities the social side of people's minds and hearts is being neglected, and this is not the only side that suffers in the wear and tear of life. There are men who away from their tools, be they pen, pencil, or ledger, are mere ciphers in the world at large. They have no information, ideas, or interests, beyond their limited vocations. They are insular people possessed of singular obtuseness and incredulity, or at least indifference, concerning the great continents that lie around them. So much is this the case with artists, of whatever name, that art seems belittled by such votaries. Art in its essence is eminently catholic, with sympathies which ramify and go up and down to the highest and the lowest, and where the man is mulcted to make the artist, there is pretty good evidence that it has not subserved its mission.

In all such cases the demand is for something more than what a bias, a talent—even genius itself—can give. No member can be so beautifully developed as to make up for the want of general symmetry, and we see people walking about who might as well be set upon a shelf and ticketed, to be taken down and used when occasion requires.

It is often said that women fail in reaching general principles. They dwell on particulars—on what is going to effect themselves personally, or their friends and relations. It is of more consequence in their eyes that muslin goes down ten cents on the yard, than that hundreds of men in the mills are thrown out of employment. The potato rot means the particular potato which goes into their own or their children's mouth; the rinder-pest amounts to a suspicion of their butcher.

It may be answered that the average man does not rise into the region of abstract ideas, much more readily than the average woman. He has more forecaste, more patience, for the discipline of his life teaches him to wait longer for results. Effort with him is like laying a train and lighting a fuse which burns slowly through months and years; but a woman's effort resembles the snapping of a fire cracker, there is a flash, a fizz, a little smoke and flame, then all is over. One day rounds and completes the sum of the average woman's doings. In the end there is no residium of business, es-

tablished, capital amassed, and credit gained and used. She has nothing, as we say, to show for her work. It has gone into the stomach, and on to the back, and answered the smallest and most necessary uses and needs of life, perishing with the using. She takes the guage of all that she does and sees right through to the end. The uncertain side of male callings is where men speculate and run great risks, and launch out into the unknown. It broadens their horizons immensely. In the most hum-drum businesses that men follow there are new worlds to be discovered, and Columbus-like possibilities.

This uncertain side of avocations is mainly eliminated from the life of woman. She lives on in the old way, treading a little endless round. Her eye is not sharpened by looking into the distance for chances; her ear is not rendered acute by listening to the murmurs of profit and success which come on the breeze; her faculties are not perpetually kept awake by watching for turns in the tide of fortune; she is freed from risk which forms the principal part of the excitement of man's life, and in spite of all its hard, rough, selfish accessors, makes business a kind of romance.

A man plants his bean and sees it sprout. He begins to climb on the stalk not knowing what beautiful golden palace may be reached. The prospect changes at every step. He sees the old life and the new. He sees himself rising in influence and weight by an inversion of the law of gravity, and carrying up many with him. He sees lives which can be improved, and waste places which can be cultivated, and money loses its vulgar side, and turns into a talismanic key to open the door of many beautiful hopes.

Woman, heretofore, has been the conserving part of the race. She has gone about with a rush-light, gathering up the threads and thrums. With a nature more susceptible and craving than man's, there has been left to her but the one romance of love in itself, at least, that phase of it ending in matrimony, an absorbing and narrowing emotion. Men often come to this part of their experience very early or very late. The bulk of life is filled with something else. They take for a condiment what women live upon. Seeing the breadth and interest of their experiences, it is wonderful that all men are not large-minded, many-sided, and catholic. Noting the restrictions and limitations of womanhood, it is wonderful that any women are so. The few who do unshackle their intellects, and enlarge their vision, are worthy of immense credit. The day is coming, as we believe, when they will reap adequate material advantage for every effort they have put forth. At present, they form only the fringes of the female world and do not enter much into the warp and woof of the garment. Women are narrow because they have never had the proper stimulus to make them broad. They live isolated and apart, whereas, men are continually rubbing against each other's sharp corners, and breathing a common air. The sense of the mass of average men, it has been said, is higher than the genius of the greatest man. It is this common life which women lack. That the sex presents painful specimens of wry growth, and contraction cannot be denied.

There are women who are all mother: as in Joseph's dream, the mother nature has swallowed up all the rest. Existence becomes a perpetual state of worry over the ailments of children, real or imaginary, and a vain effort to supplement that part of nurture which life and the world are bound to take care of for themselves. There are other women who are all housekeeper. They will remark a grain of dust upon the carpet, when they do not notice the fine picture on your wall. Utility has starved out beauty, or else holds it a close prisoner. There are others who are all lover,—life is a continual series of pettings and caressings, where the cake of the affections is made to serve as the staff of daily existence.

Excellent, beautiful, good as all those tendencies are working harmoniously with others; they cannot be indulged in hot-bed cultivation, while the rest of the heart and brain grows out in the cold without infinite damage. No quality, however excellent and ennobling, can safely be brought forward to the detriment of that sum of all the qualities which we call manhood and womanhood.

Miscellany.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY—HOW SECURED.

We condense the following important suggestions from Dio Lewis' "Girls," recently published by the Harpers—a book that should be in every household:

SHOES.

The soles of each shoe should correspond precisely to the bottom of the foot as outlined by a pencil mark drawn around the foot on a piece of white paper, the weight of the body resting thereon. As now made, the sole is an inch and one-half smaller than this pattern, the sides of the feet being either distressingly squeezed together or overlapping the sides of the narrow sole. The result is a plentiful crop of corns and bunions, and in conjunction with the fashionable projecting high heel, an awkward gait and bent position of the body in walking. The heels should be made broad, long and low. The advantages of shoes made to fit the feet over those that necessitate the feet to fit them are comfort in walking, exemption from corns and bunions, a natural position of the body while erect, a smaller looking foot, and longer durability of shoes. Shoes thus made keep their shape and last two or three times longer than those made with narrow soles. So, in the score of economy, beauty and comfort, the superiority of the natural over the artificial, fashionable shoe is decided.

HOW TO WALK GRACEFULLY.

A graceful walk is rare. A queenly, elastic step atones for a homely face. It was her expert walking from one side of the stage to the other, while she said never a word, that constituted Mrs. Chas. Kean's great attraction in a play that had a run of one hundred and fifty nights. The pre-requisites for fine walking are:

First—Shoes made to fit the feet as above described.

Second—The clothing about the waist loose. The corset is a deadly enemy to fine walking, as it is to life.

Third—Carry the chin close to the neck. How pitiable it is to see American girls poke along the street with their chins away on in advance, hastening to inform the people that the girl is coming. With the chin brought close to the neck, the shoulders and hips are brought into the positions essential to a queenly gait. There will be a little stiffness and awkwardness, perhaps, in acquiring this position; but a few weeks' practice will do these away.

DRESS.

Deprecating the immodesty of the *decollete* fashion of dress, Dr. Lewis used the following words before an audience of ladies recently in Boston:

"Ladies, suppose I had entered this hall with my arms and bust bare, what would you have done? You would have made a rush for the door, and as you jostled against each other as you passed out, you would have exclaimed, 'Oh! the unconsciencable scalawag!' May I ask if it is not right that we should demand of you as much modesty as you demand of us?"

The exposure of the naked bosom before men belongs to those dark ages when women sought nothing higher than the gratification of the passions of men, and were content to be mere slaves and toys rather than to a high Christian era of civilization. The ladies of the old families of Boston, noted for their refinement, never appear thus.

VULGARITY IN DRESS.

What a vulgar show you see among the *demi-monde*—a dozen great gold and jeweled rings on the fingers, two large hoops about the wrists, a great buckle in the belt, a gold chain about the neck, a gold watch, several charms, a locket or two, breast-pin—what a barbaric array! Poor things! I suppose they think it helps to advertise their unhappy trade.

A neat, small pin to hold the collar, and delicate chain to secure the watch, suffice the refined woman. The watch should never be worn under the belt, but in a pocket. The belt that will hold a watch from slipping under it is mischievously tight.

In England, a nobleman is known by his plain dress and absence of all jewelry—a shoddy pretender everwhere by an excessive show thereof.

POPULAR PENCHANT FOR FEEBLE BODIES.

A great many people fancy a dyspeptic, ghostly clergyman, and shrink from listening to a prayer from a preacher with square shoulders, a big chest, a ruddy face, and a moustache. They think the ghost akin to the spiritual world, while the beef-eating, jolly fellow is dreadfully at home in this world. The ghost exclaims:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh, how I long for thee!
When shall my labors have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?"

Whereas, the other, like Mr. Beecher, enjoys a good dinner, a nimble-footed horse, a big play with the children and dogs, seems joyous in the sunshine, and—wretched sinner—does not sigh to depart.

A ringing shout of laughter from a young woman is very suspicious to the deacons of the church.

The fragile, pale young woman with a lisp is considered by silly people more of a *lady* than another with ruddy cheeks and vigorous health.

The feminine, like the masculine soul, utters its richest harmonies through a perfect body.

STOCKING SUPPORTERS.

The common use of elastics to support the stocking is a prolific cause of cold feet, small calves, weakness of the legs and varicose veins. The proper support consists in a strap fastened to the skirt-band at the side. This should run down over the hip, along the outside of the leg above the knee, to divide into two straps, one of which attaches to the stocking on the front, the other on the back of the knee. A buckle may be profitably introduced on the single strap to regulate the tension.

—The law of Michigan, as amended provides thrt every wife, child, parent, guardian, husband, or other person who shall be injured in person, property, means of support, or otherwise, by any intoxicated person, of by reason of the intoxication of any person, shal have a right of action in his or her own name against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving any intoxicating liquor, or otherwise have caused or contributed to the intoxication of such person or persons; and in any such action the plaintiff shall have a right to recover actual and exemplary damages. And the owner or lessee, or person or persons, renting or leasing any building or premises, having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein at retail as a beverage, shall be liable severally or jointly, with the person so selling or giving intoxicating liquors, as aforesaid. And the amount recovered by every wife or child shall be his or her sole and separate property. The women of Michigan will be gainers by this just law, and if the police records of that State are not less frequently embellished with stories of wives blackened and bruised by besotted husbands, the venders of "fire water" can at least be made to smart, and not only the venders but those who lease buildings for this iniquitous traffic. Now that two women in Michigan have discovered their rights, under the Constitution, and dared to maintain them at the polls, there is no danger but what they and their wide-awake sisters will be apt enough at taking advantage of this new prohibitory liquor law.

—Mrs. Fawcett, the young wife of the distinguished professor of political economy at Cambridge, and member of Parliament for Brighton, is creating great enthusiasm on her lecture tour throughout England. She is beautiful, possessed of a sweet, clear voice that, as some one says, can find its way beneath the "iron-clad diaphram of a conservative;" has studied English law with her learned husband and John Stuart Mill, and is thoroughly conversant with every one of its crooks and turns. She is untiring in pointing out the glaring absurdities of the Married Woman's Property Bill, by which, for instance, a woman can own a sewing machine purchased out of her earnings, but not a machine given her by friends. Mrs. Fawcett is doing a great work in exhibiting to her countrywomen their utter helplessness before the law, and instructing them that woman suffrage is their only safeguard and protection.

—In one of the pleasant villages in Western New York, the other day a certain worthy housekeeper thought that she would call on her nearest neighbor. She was about entering the door, but hesitated, thinking that the family might be taking their supper. "Come in," said the hostess, "we are having tableaux." "Yes," replied the visitor, "I thought I smelt 'em."

—A good old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a shopkeeper as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie; it seems so necessary to thy happiness."

—Why was it, as an old woman in a scarlet cloak was crossing a field in which a goat was browsing, that a most wonderful metamorphosis took place? Because the goat turned to butter, and the antique party to a scarlet runner!

Special Notices.

PRINTERS' INK, well-directed enterprise and an article that successfully withstands the test of time, commanding an increase of sales with each succeeding year, has rendered the name of Helmbold famous throughout the United States. It would, of course, be absurd for us—pretending to no knowledge in medical jurisprudence—to undertake to vouch for the various specifics advertised; but when a medicine like Helmbold's Extract of Buchu commands large and constantly increasing sales for a long series of years, and is accepted and prescribed by a considerable number of the regular faculty, as it is claimed this is, it is reasonable evidence that it possesses some instinctive merit.

Helmbold's great drug store, 594 Broadway, New York, is decidedly one of the features of that street of features, and would well repay a visit from any of our readers who may happen down that way, and who would be sure to receive a cordial greeting at the hands of its public-spirited proprietor and gentlemanly assistants.—*Milwaukie Sentinel.*

TO MOTHERS.—*Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* for children is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many, many years, and never known to fail. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and gives rest and health to the child and comfort to the mother.

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